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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

A Gain of 36,213 PER DAY.

The following figures are taken from the books of THE WORLD and are SUBJECT TO ANY TEST or comparison to which esteemed contemporaries may be pleased to subject them:

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1890..... 9,208,780

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1891..... 10,831,420

Total gain for December, 1891..... 1,122,640

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1890, 297,058.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891, 333,271.

TOTAL GAIN PER DAY FOR 1891, 36,213.

OUTLAWRY ON THE WANE.

Seven of the outlaws of New York upon whom THE EVENING WORLD has been turning its search-light have closed their dens. One, MR. CAREY WELCH, is running his place on half time. This looks like a substantial victory, but the search-light will by no means be laid aside at this point.

There are chances that more than one of the outlaw proprietors of the dens now closed may presently think the opportunity ripe for a reopening. In any such event, the penetrating rays of that light will again be thrown where they seem to be required.

Mr. BILLY MCGLOTHRY enjoys the distinction, which he has amply earned, of being the first of the exposed outlaws to seek the seclusion to be found within penitentiary walls. He will have a year to reflect upon the vicissitudes of his crooked career, and to debate within himself as to whether the candle wasn't a bit of an overpayment for the game.

As for the other fellows, they will do well to profit by McGLOTHRY's experience. It wouldn't be pleasant for them to find their lines cast in similar places.

New York's outlaws must go and go for good.

Because a Court at Newark was kind to CHARLES QUACKENBUSH some months ago he was able yesterday to carry out the determination he at that time expressed to the officer who arrested him. He was taken up for assaulting his wife with a hatchet. He had determined to kill the woman, he said, and would do it. He was put under bonds, proceeded to jump his bail, was never brought to trial and at Newark, yesterday, he and his pistol did bloody execution. After mortally wounding his wife, he killed himself. Some day the law may learn how to treat the murderously disposed as well as the actual murderer.

Ten thousand people saw a Georgia murderer hanged yesterday. New York's law, in intent, abhors such a brutal public spectacle. But is there any question which is worse for public morals and interests, letting a few thousands see a hanging, or presenting before millions the spectacle of desperate murderers easily delaying and perhaps avoiding the penalties for their crimes through the dexterous legal juggling of their counsel?

What a tortuous form of death to a strong man—this being imprisoned in the dark, murky passage of a mine, with no way of escaping or drawing a free breath of pure air. Nothing for the mind to consider but an awful end of life, nothing for the lungs but the poisonous gas which at every inhalation brings that end nearer.

A Pittsburgh husband and father, arrested for drunkenness and abusing his wife, was saved from punishment by the special pleading in court of his thirteen-year-old daughter. He promised to reform, and if he breaks his promise he is least of all men deserving of such a daughter.

A contemporary remarks peacefully on the "earnest and successful plea for mercy" made by McGLOTHRY's counsel. This is finely humorous, considering the fact that McGLOTHRY got the full penalty, bearing a legally \$200 slice of the possible \$500 fine.

Huntress DIANA, on the Madison Square Garden tower, will never keep watchful

pose above a brighter throng than the seven thousand working girls who danced all by themselves, with no troublesome man about, last night in the Garden amphitheatre.

Egypt's new Khedive is but seventeen years old. But as Great Britain continues to be the power behind the throne, the age of the figurehead ruler is a matter of small moment to anybody but jealous France.

The Republican faction fight in New York State is growing finely ferocious. If each Millerite and each Plattite keeps to the letter of his threats they will have no Republican seals for the Democracy to take in '92.

Bulgaria, it is said, may rescind the decree of expulsion against M. CHAMORNOSE, on condition that he won't come back. An exceedingly gratifying concession to M. CHAMORNOSE, however, it may impress France.

Money and plenty of it is what the Farmers' Alliance is after, according to its memorial to Congress. It appears then, after all, that the Alliance is not a unique body among men.

Notwithstanding a report to the contrary, there has been no change in the price of the Daily or Sunday WORLD to newsdealers. The price remains the same as heretofore.

Twins sisters who had lived together sixty years died one within fifteen minutes of the other at Wilkesbarre Thursday. "In death," even, "they were not divided."

John Bull is catching his share of the fleecy, too. It's pretty near a world-wide snowstorm this time.

Street-Cleaning Commissioner BREXAN does well with the snow shovel.

Helping a Poor Boy.

It was just outside the waiting-rooms of the Erie depot. An oldish man, who looked like a farmer, was wandering about, when he was accosted by a boot-black.

"Want, but," replied the old man as he looked down at his shoes and then sized up the lad. "I guess you may go ahead on the job. I expect you have hand alighting to get along, and it's every body's duty to sort of help on. I s'pose you can't find anything to eat for a couple of days?"

"Not much, sir," replied the boy. "All I had for breakfast was a dozen fried oysters, two cups of coffee, six cran-jacks and some fried potatoes. You don't know how hard it is to be poor."

"No, I s'pose not," growled the old man, as he sniffed fried oysters in the air. "I s'pose you sleep on the bare floor, don't you?"

"Almost," replied the boy. All in the world I have to sleep on is a curled hair mattress on a brass bedstead, with two woolen blankets over me. You don't know how I suffer."

"Humph! you must suffer! Haven't got any crockets, I see?"

"Not here, sir. I keep 'em hanging up in the closet for Sundays and fair days."

"Do, eh? You support the family, I s'pose?"

"Not altogether, sir. I turn in \$30 a week, and my father manages the rest."

The old man looked down upon him with eyes bulging out in wonder, and presently observed:

"I s'pose your father gets drunk and smashes up things and pounds the family around?"

"No, sir. He gets drunk occasionally, but he always goes to Philadelphia and puts up at a first-class hotel, so as to be well taken care of. It's unfortunate for us that he has a taste for champagne."

"Champagne, eh? Yes, pretty unfortunate! I thought you was a poor boy?"

"No I am, sir. We was just dgegering up last night, and all we've got in the world is the house we live in, two farms, one lot in New York and \$4,000 in the bank. Mother said she almost wished she hadn't paid \$300 for her wankin' call last fall."

"Jehosaphat!" exclaimed the old man as his eyes hung out like onions. "but I can you this job to help you get along?"

"Yes, sir, and I'm very much obliged to you. I'm trying to save up money enough to buy mother a new Wilton carpet for the parlor for a birthday present. All through, sir."

"Yes, yes. Well, I s'pose, if I hadn't been dgegering, I s'pose I'd have two cents about havin' them boots blacked, but I thought you was sufferin' and it was my duty to kinder help you along. Come to find out, you are worth more than I am."

"Yes, sir, but I haven't snubbed you on that account," replied the boy, "you are just as good as I be, even if you are poor, so long as you behave yourself. Thanks, sir, this goes towards the carpet."

The lad walked off, swinging his box and whistling in a happy way, and the old man looked after him, rubbed his eyes and looked again, and then sat down on a baggage truck and said to himself:

"Waal, by gum! When I go home and tell Hanner, she'll say I must have been drunk."

M. QUACK.

As to Ladies' Postal Cards.

Wanwan's new and smaller postal card is called "the ladies' card." They ought to call it "the lady men's card." What the ladies want is a postal card as big as Indiana with the privilege of writing both ways on it on both sides of it.

After the Grip

Convalescence is very slow, and to recover the health to a good tone is absolutely necessary. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used with wonderful success as a building-up, restorative and blood purifier after attacks of the grip, after Typhoid Fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, pneumonia or other prostrating diseases. It cures jaundice, the building-up of the system, it vitalizes and enriches the thin and impoverished blood, and it invigorates the kidneys and stimulates the liver so that they resume regular and healthy action. Thousands of people have taken

Hood's Sarsaparilla

As a preventive of the grip with success. Those who have found it in restoration to health and strength after this dreaded complaint.

LED BY WIVES' WIT.

Feminine Symposium on the Topic of Husband-Managing.

Novelties in Midwinter Millinery
Regimental Cloaks for This Year—The Rage for Silk Petticoats—English Wholeback Jackets—Colors for Writing Papers.

Wives, Widows and Maids Exploit Their Theories.

A Charming Contest Open to All "Evening World" Readers.

Husband-managing is a matter that comes close to every feminine heart. She who has a husband in ménage has a vital concern in keeping him in the path, which concerns herself and her judgment, while she who has not yet assumed the matrimonial reins hopes to do so, and to control and manage her husband as her sisters do and have done.

To the end, therefore, of making a consensus of the views of the women of New York and its vicinity upon this important topic, THE EVENING WORLD invites contributions from its feminine readers upon the conditions named below.

Essays upon domestic happiness, eulogies of wifely devotion, or relations of experience of interest to none but those immediately concerned are not desired. Writers should confine themselves strictly to discussion of the question, "How to Manage a Husband," with all that implies to women.

CONDITIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the woman who shows best "HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to HENRIAD EDITION, EVENING WORLD, POLITZER BUILDING.

Study His Ways.

To begin with, you must, before and after you have married the man you are to call your husband, study his ways. You should know what he likes best for his meals, and if he is a man that is accustomed to staying late at nights, and out whether or not he cares for your staying up and waiting for his return or quietly going to bed before he sleeps.

When he is ill comfort him by doing something which you know pleases him. Do not let him sit in bed for days, but get him to the office. Do not quarrel with him, and if he is a man that is used to the bath and heaven knows not what.

The main thing is to study his habits. Never cross him, whatever he does or says.

Keep Him in Good Humor.

Don't expect too much from your husband, and you'll always get along with him, and management will be an easy matter. Confucius said that the greatest fault-finding is one of the greatest misdeeds. On the other hand, by pretending to let him always have his own way and tiding his faults, when this can be done judiciously, you will not find it hard to gain your point in the end.

That thing is to keep a husband in good humor, and the woman who succeeds in doing this will never have any cause to complain that her influence over him is declining.

CONJUGAL AND PETTING WILL DO IT.

Of course, we all understand that there are husbands and husbands, and some are much more easily managed than others. I must say that I have had no difficulty thus far in managing mine, and I believe he represents a very large class.

The beauty of it is the doesn't know that he is being managed, and actually thinks he is having his own way about everything.

A woman of ordinary insight and shrewdness can see through a man in an instant, and if she only uses this superior sagacity judiciously, she need never be any question about who is in control.

My advice is to keep a requisite amount of coaxing and petting, and you will find he will never kick out of the traces.

Mrs. A. B.

THE CLEANER.

Conf. "nob" Ingersoll is known to all the professional merchants in the vicinity of Wall street as a person of warm and generous impulses, especially during the holiday season. He always carries around a pocketful of silver change, and he will give down after it at the slightest provocation. He seldom stops to investigate cases when there seems to be a call for charity.

Moses P. Handy's flowing daisy whiskers will be missed from the Presidential chair of the Clover Club, of Philadelphia. Col. A. K. McClure has been unanimously elected to succeed him. The decennial anniversary dinner of the Club will be held Jan. 21.

I see that Thomas P. Noonan is to have the support of the Democratic Assemblymen from Hudson county, N. J., for the post of clerk of the House. Tom is a very popular man and has made great strides up the ladder of fame. He was formerly a newspaper man and supplied New York newspapers with news from Jersey City.

Domestic wine producers are making continual progress. There are now able to make a very respectable imitation of chianti from home-grown grapes, which has a flavor so closely resembling that of the Italian wine that it takes an expert to detect the difference. They also put it up in home-made baskets which look just like the imported receptacles. This wine is now sold for genuine chianti in most of the cheap Italian restaurants in town, and the importations of the real article have fallen off in consequence.

Yale is becoming pre-eminent the college for New York boys, as the last catalogue shows. A large number of well-known New York families appear among the lists of students in various classes of the academic department for the present year. Among the prominent representatives may be mentioned Moses Taylor, William Henry and Cornelius, Jr., sons of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Pierre Jay, Alfred Hays, Jr., and John Hays, Jr., sons of John Hays, Jr., and Walter Swaney, Jr., Samuel Sloan, Archibald, Merrill Williams, Galloway, Walter Phelps Bliss, William Goodsell, Rockwell, Sherman, Wood, Bissell, Felt, Anson Phelps, Frank Phelps, Dodge, James Charles, Jr., William Crane, Eison, Bayard, Hendrick, Morris Woodruff, Jr., Henry J. Parsons, Francis Burton Harrison, Sherman, Rheals, Foote, Sherman Day, Thomas Higelow, Bowen, Benjamin Harrison, Dwight, Harry Payne Whitney and Alonzo Potter.

A Song That Has Caught On.

The latest hit, MY MARY, GREEN, sung and music will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Tuesday, Jan. 12. It is a song which is being sung in every hall and on every street, and it is a song which is being sung in every hall and on every street, and it is a song which is being sung in every hall and on every street.

Repenting of Peffer.

Repenting at leisure is a phrase well understood in Kansas. It means Peffer until 1890.

Cod-liver oil suggests consumption; which is almost unfortunate. Its best use is before you fear consumption—when you begin to get thin. Consumption is only one of the dangers of uninness.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver-oil makes the thin plump, and the plump are almost safe.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

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Nell Nelson Visits the Executive Mansion's Mistress.

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